Wicked In His Arms

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Wicked In His Arms

by slashyrogue

Summary

Prince William Graham's eighteenth birthday ball is the social event of the season.

His father hopes that a guest among them will catch his young son's eye.

Prince Hannibal Lecter is not about to wait for Will to notice him.

Chapter 1

Will sighed for what seemed to be the fourteenth time in a ten minutes.

“Father, I do wish you had asked first before putting on this ridiculous charade.”

King Henry, his long suffering father sighed beside him.

“My son, it is not every day that you turn eighteen. I only wished for you to…”

“Meet every eligible person in the immediate surrounding countries in hopes that one would catch my eye?”

The King’s annoyed noise only confirmed his suspicions.

“I need to get air, please excuse me.”

Will ignored his father’s noise of protest as he made his way across the ballroom, the hopeful eyes of his many suitors easy enough to avoid as he moved through them till he found the freedom of an empty balcony and fresh air.

His sigh was long and loud as he closed his eyes.

“One should not be so saddened on one’s birthday.”

Will opened his eyes to see man who had to be at least ten years his senior standing across from him, looking amused and quite handsome Will noticed immediately.

“I did not hear you approach.”

“I was walking the gardens and came upon you, I hope I am not intruding.”

Will shook his head, “I just needed to break free of the marriage mart inside,” he made a face, “My father has been waiting impatiently for me to come of age it seems.”

“As have we all,” the man confessed, making Will blush.

“I do not recall your name sir,” Will said.

The man stepped closer still, taking Will’s hand to his lips, “I did not give it.”

Will swallowed, his face darkening to a horrid shade of crimson he was sure. “I do believe it is polite to give your name when being so informal with royalty.”

The man smiled, “Prince Hannibal Lecter,” he let go of Will’s hand.

Will stepped back with a frown, “You do not seem like a beast.”

Hannibal laughed, “Is that what they are still calling me? I have long been out of the circles of such things since my coronation, I hadn’t been sure.”

Will nodded, “I…it is said you are quite formidable in battle and in…”

Hannibal looked Will up and down quite lewdly, “Bed?”

Will blushed, “I…I believe I need to get back inside.”

Hannibal grabbed onto his arm when Will turned to leave, stopping Will in his tracks before invading every inch of the space between them. “I cannot allow you to leave.”

Will paled, “I…”

Hannibal leaned in and kissed his cheek, a shiver going through Will at the touch. “Not without wishing you a happy birthday.”

Will felt himself flush again for reasons having nothing to do with embarrassment, the warm breath at his ear making him shiver. “I…”

Prince Hannibal stepped back and Will was nearly bereft of it, the twinkle in the rakish prince’s eyes showing he knew quite well what his actions had caused.

“I hope to share a dance this evening, Will. If that would not be too forward a request?”

Will shook his head, “I…I will see if I have an open space on my dance card.”

Hannibal smiled, “I should hope that you do.”

Will took off with a run that was quite undignified, letting out a shaking breath when he was back inside among the crowd. Part of him nearly turned and went back out to offer himself for a dance now but thought against it.

Prince Lecter should be avoided, he was quite sure.

Now he just had to avoid him for the rest of the evening, which was easier said than done.

Chapter 2

The remainder of the evening was spent avoiding Prince Lecter while also keeping most of his attention on him, making sure he was occupied in dance with anyone but the rakish Prince.

Will could feel Hannibal's eyes even when he didn't see him, a shiver going through completely through his bones while he ignored whoever he chose to feign interest in.

The night wore on and his tire grew, finally allowing his last partner the boorish Duke Chilton to kiss his hand goodbye finding his father in deep discussion with someone he could not see clearly.

"Pardon me," he breathed, the stranger turning and Will's gasp audible at seeing Hannibal once more.

"Will! Have you met Prince Lecter? He was just regaling me with talk of his travels."

Will swallowed, nodding as he spoke and tried not to glare at Hannibal's amused grin.

"Yes, we spoke earlier in the evening."

Hannibal looked Will over, his eyes searching for something Will could not name. "Yes, your son had offered me a dance but has been quite occupied for the evening."

His father patted Hannibal's shoulder, "Well I'm sure he'd love to dance with you now! Wouldn't you, Will?"

Will felt his heart speed up in thought of such closeness with the Prince.

"I was just going to retire, it has been a tiring evening."

He could see his father's disappointment clearly and was about to acquiesce when surprisingly Hannibal said, "If William is tired, I would not want to tire him more so. I am sure there is plenty of time for us to get acquainted during my stay."

Will's eyes widened as his father laughed, "Of course! Will, the Prince was just speaking to me of his impending long journey back home and I offered him lodging with us for the week," he patted Hannibal's back as Will could not look away from Hannibal still, "Isn't that wonderful?"

"Yes, I…I am going to retire now please excuse me. Good evening."

"Goodnight, son."

Hannibal seemed suddenly more somber as he bowed his head, "Goodnight your highness."

Will rushed off, his heart hammering in his chest as he headed towards his rooms.

There had never been someone who frightened and attracted him as much as Prince Lecter, despite everything he knew Will still could not stop his improper thoughts of the older man.

He dressed down, his lesser clothes lighter and less constricting than the ball costume. When he lay back in his bed his mind wandered still to the dance he'd avoided, wondering what it would have been like to be so close.

The hours ticked by and Will could not get his mind to settle for even a moment throwing open his balcony to stand out in the fresh air. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, letting it out in a rush just as he heard, "Not quite so tired, William?"

Will's eyes opened and he stepped back, flushing cheeks betraying his embarrassment. "Sir," he put his arms around himself, "I did not expect you to be in the room beside me as they are normally reserved for family."

Hannibal looked at Will fully, smirking, "It seems your father thinks of me as such," he walked to the side of their close balconies, "Almost as if he expects us to wed."

Will did not move, feeling torn between fleeing to privacy or indulging in the other Prince's company with safe space between them.

"I did not think you the marrying type, sir," Will frowned, "It has been said…"

"Plenty of things have been said of me, William, not many of them truthful."

"Will," he sighed, stepping closer, "I prefer Will."

Hannibal smiled, "I confess I was disappointed in missing out on a dance especially on this occasion."

Will's lips parted as he nearly spoke but was shocked to see Hannibal lift up a knee to climb over to his balcony quite skillfully. He landed with ease, smiling at Will who did not dare move.

"I believe we can remedy that," he took a step forward, "If you would allow me this indulgence?"

Will let out a nervous laugh, "You are asking permission after performing such a feat?"

Hannibal laughed as he stepped forward still, holding out his arms, "How else am I to woo you to becoming unafraid of me?"

Will took a step forward slowly, his heart pounding in excitement now more than fear the closer he became to Hannibal's arms.

Hannibal offered his hand and Will took it without fear, pulled in with confident force and suddenly flush against Hannibal's chest. They stared each other down and Will could feel his heart was not the only one pounding.

"There is no music," Will noted, feeling breath against his lips as the older Prince laughed.

“You were in many arms tonight before now, Will, I imagine it would not be difficult to pretend there is.”

Will blushed harder, feeling the burn in his cheeks, “Sir, I don’t know if I can concentrate enough for such a feat.”

Hannibal smiled and leaned in close to Will’s cheek to whisper, “I will lead then,” just as he started to move.

They moved slowly, brushing against each other with every step and Will had never felt so indecent. His lighter clothes made him unable to feel anything but Hannibal against him, panting more and more as they danced. The Prince spoke, “Your heart is beating rather wildly, highness.”

Will felt young and foolish, his emotion and inexperience showing through so easily fighting back tears as he whispered, “You would make sport of me, sir? I do not…”

He moved to pull away and Hannibal pulled him in tighter, “Will, I did not mean it so. I confess I am quite flustered as well.”

Will frowned, “You…”

Hannibal’s eyes softened, “You captivate me, Will,” he pulled Will closer and both of their breathing was labored as he finished, “I apologize for the impropriety of my next actions.”

Will laughed, “You apologize now? I…”

Hannibal kissed him softly, a tease that had Will shocked into immobility till he felt the older man pull back and urged him on with a hand to Hannibal’s cheek.

His father would be scandalized by his behavior, the both of them ruined if they were caught and Will did not care for anything else but this touch.

When Hannibal pulled back Will whined, urging him closer as Hannibal sighed, “Perfect boy, you taste as wonderful as I had imagined.”

Will swallowed, “I…”

Hannibal pulled back completely, still holding Will’s hand as he pressed his lips to it before offering, “I must leave, Will, before I take advantage.”

Will stepped forward, “Please do not, I…I would let you.”

Hannibal smiled, letting his hand go.

“That is why you and I must retire to separate quarters. Goodnight, sweet prince.”

Will frowned as he was given the older Prince’s back. “Hannibal,” he called and was happy when he was gonna given the other Prince’s attention his face a mask of want , “You would leave me without a goodnight kiss?”

Hannibal smiled, stepping forward again and as he came closer Will could not stop his wanton display throwing himself into him.

“What was that first kiss then, Will, if not a goodnight one?”

Will smiled, “My first, you took it without permission you know.”

Hannibal touched his cheek and whispered, “May I have permission for your second and what will hopefully not be our last?”

Will nodded, “Yes, please,” and sighed as their lips met once more.

This kiss was much more forceful, a lunge of desire that had Will desperate not to pull away. Will’s hands came up the back of Hannibal’s neck and into his hair, the growl he received in return making his desire grow.

He pulled his mouth away and panted , “Do you still wish to leave, Hannibal?”

The older Prince could not seem to stop touching Will, his hand traveling down Will’s backside till he paused at his buttocks a squeeze making Will grunt out a groan. “For such a blushing virgin, you seem far too eager to be debauched.”

Will felt his desire dual with his embarrassment, cheeks flushed with both as he challenged, “You are the one who brought this out in me, highness, would you wish to leave me to my own devices without following through? I have a number of guards who…”

Hannibal grabbed him again with a angry snarl, lifting Will up and carrying him through the open balcony doors.

Will’s room was so very warm, his bed softer than he recalled when Hannibal lowered him down into it and the rushed dispatching of his nightclothes was so quick he barely could be ready before he felt the aching touch he’d craved since their first.

Hannibal’s hand came to his hardness and he whined, panting up into the feeling as he begged, “Please, please sir, I do not…”

Hannibal kissed his thigh, letting his hand drop from Will’s ache as he tasted skin.

“You are like silk,” Hannibal praised, kissing as he licked and when his tongue took the place his hand had left behind Will cried out with his hands deep into Hannibal’s hair.

The licking and teasing was relentless, Will had never felt such intense pleasure and when he was engulfed completely in the warm heat of Hannibal’s mouth he succumbed to his passion with a shout falling into oblivion. The older Prince did not let up, licking away even as Will shuddered in sensitivity and when Hannibal finally let up he was smiling.

“You taste sweet all over, beautiful Will,” he kissed Will’s inner thigh.

“I have never felt such gloriousness.”

Hannibal came up Will's body and leaned down over him, Will touching his face as he confessed, "Neither have I."

Will smiled, "I wish to give you the pleasure you bestowed upon me, please Hannibal."

Hannibal shook his head, "No need, I am not expecting compensation."

Will caressed his cheek, "Please."

Hannibal kissed him then, Will feeling quite indecently wanton at the taste of his own passion and Hannibal said, "Give me a moment," suddenly leaving Will's bed much to his alarm.

"No, I…stay," Will said, grabbing his hand.

Hannibal kissed it with a smile, "A moment, sweet Prince," and went to Will's dressing table seeming to go through the oils and lotions atop it returning with a jar he set on the bed even as he began undressing his lower half.

"This will go much more smoothly with slickness," he explained, letting his pants fall, "You must have touched yourself indecently before."

Will nodded, leaning up as he confessed, "It did not feel as your touch did, I…"

Hannibal exposed his hardness to Will cutting off any words he may have had, the older Prince leaning with his naked lower half over Will's and taking Will's hand to slather slick over it. He kissed Will's cheek and directed his young Prince's touch to him with instruction, "Move as you would pleasure yourself."

Will moaned as he tightened his hold, moving slowly and bringing their mouths together once more the heated hardness he could feel in his hand making his own spent member fight to harden once more. He pulled his mouth away and panted, "You feel soft as well as hard," Hannibal groaning into him and exploding his pleasure across Will's lower half rising his hips all the while.

Spent and snaking he kissed Hannibal's neck, licking as his older Prince praised, "You undo me, I…I would let you chain me here and never leave."

Will smiled, letting go to lick his sticky palm his eyes dancing as he teased, "We can save that for after our courting."

Hannibal pulled him close and they fell back into the bed exhausted, spent and quite satisfied. Will felt Hannibal start to undo his sticky shirt and soon they were both naked, the older Prince's chest to his backside as he was held quite tightly.

"Among other things," Hannibal teased in return, "For now we must retire and sleep. I believe that was worth plenty of good night kisses."

Will hummed and leaned back against Hannibal his eyes drifting closed as he felt a kiss to his temple.

“Goodnight, sweet prince,” Will whispered just before he fell into exhaustion.

“Goodnight, highness.”

Chapter 3

They woke with the sun, scantily clad and closer than any unnmarrieds should be but Will paid no mind. He buried his face in Hannibal's neck, breathing in the rich scent of him, and Hannibal pulled him closer still.

"I would say good morning, highness, but I think we will not have as good a morning as we had a night."

Will smiled, blushing, and lifted his head. "I am surprised that no one heard my shouts."

"Perhaps they did and were just being discreet," Hannibal said, touching his cheek, "I would tell you I'd like to taste you again in the morning light but we've run out of time not to be found."

He frowned. "But—"

Hannibal took his hand, kissing it softly. "I would ready us for the spotlight of your father's eye, Will. He's bound to realize we've become even closer overnight if we do not…play the part."

He sighed. "Does this mean we can never be this close again? Not even…"

The Prince sat up, still holding his hand, and smiled. "We will just have to be much quieter and much more…creative…if we're to repeat last night again."

"I will think of nothing less all day, sweet prince."

Hannibal kissed his cheek, the closeness a torturous tease, and his whisper made Will shiver.

“As will I.”

Will moved to touch him again but Hannibal stood, shaking his head. “I must be off, Highness, lest I be run off and you married to another.”

“Yes, I…suppose that’s wise.”

He watched Hannibal dress, hardly able to take eyes off him, and barely put on his own dressing gown to follow Hannibal out to the balcony. Hannibal looked at him, hand out, and he pulled it back fast. “You undo me,” he said, licking his lips, “I can hardly hold myself back from touching you.”

“Hannibal…”

“Prince Hannibal,” he corrected him, smiling as he climbed up, “We must be formal now, Prince Will. For your father’s sake.”

Will bit his lip, nodding as he watched him go, and the ease in which he climbed made Will’s heart skip a beat. Hannibal’s physical prowess was something to behold, especially now that he’d seen other intimate parts of him, and the wink he got before Hannibal disappeared to dress made him almost swoon.

Is this what everyone at balls had always talked of?

This uneasy, exciting, glorious feeling?

He could hardly stand it as he ran back inside, wiping down any scents of their intimacy off his body with perfumes and cloths before dressing again. Will rushed from his room, eager to see Hannibal again, and the staff looked at him quite oddly as he passed.

Had they heard?

Had they seen?

Will blushed as he entered the dining hall, and his father looked surprised to see him.

“Will, I…did not expect you.”

“It’s breakfast, Father.”

“Yes, but…it’s barely seven you’re never up this early. Did you sleep so well?”

He blushed harder, sitting down, and one of the maids smirked as he handed him a piece of bread. “I…I was quite tired.”

“Yes, as you’ve said, you…”

The sound as the doors to the guest hallway opened made Will’s heart leap, and he turned in time to see Hannibal enter. He looked glorious - even more handsome than last night - and his dark blue vest and white cravat with matching inlays on his pants made Will want to touch.

“Good morning,” he said, sitting on the other end of the table, “I hope everyone slept well.”

“Yes, we were just discussing that. My son rarely is awake so early.”

“Father,” Will mumbled, glaring as his cheeks seemed on fire, “You speak as if I am a layabout. I do my duties, and I take care of the dogs and the horses and…”

“Yes, yes,” his Father sighed, “I apologize, Will. He is not lazy, I assure you, Hannibal. He’s just…he’s young. You know.”

Hannibal smirked. “Yes, I remember being so young and so…ready for anything.”

Will licked his lips, staring at him, and his Father laughed. “Yes, that’s it! These young people now think they have so much strength but really they’re still unsure of themselves. If I had not forced the ball last evening, you would not even be here now. Did you know that? Will is quite against being married.”

“I never….”

Hannibal picked up some bread and broke it in half, taking a bite. “Oh?”

“Yes, yes, he has not yet found one to catch his eye. He danced with so many last night it shocked me, but…I do not think there’s anyone who can tame his stubbornness.”

Hannibal’s smile widened as he took a sip from his goblet. “Who would want to?”

His father scoffed. “Are you saying if he took your court you wouldn’t want him to be more…straightforward? Less headstrong and stubborn enough to rule the way he should? Because I find that very hard to believe.”

Will felt a pit grow in his stomach and he looked away, picking at his bread while the staff brought in more.

“I know quite little of your son, Henry, but I still find the idea of marrying an obedient royal quite tedious. I’ve always admired those who think for themselves and are… *creative* …in their endeavors.”

Will’s head shot up, and the tears stinging the corner of his eyes did not stop his smile.

“My father does not like creativity, Sir,” he said.

“He does not have to marry you, Prince Will, now does he?”

His father looked between them, stone faced, and then a bright smile came upon him.

“Does that mean you’d like to formally…”

Hannibal’s smile faded, and he tore into the duck that was set in front of him.

“I think your son is handsome,” he said, cutting, “And creative,” he continued, “But I think perhaps we both need more time to figure out if we’re…compatible. Do we not?”

Will frowned. “I…suppose so.”

“Well, I’m sure there are plenty of things you can do to get to know one another. Will can show you the stables after we break bread together! He knows them so well that often I can hardly find him!”

Hannibal’s smile widened, and Will’s worry about Hannibal not declaring for him faded.

“Yes, I…I think I’d like to see that.”

“Wonderful! This is starting out so well, isn’t it?”

The two of them stared at each other, hardly able to look away, and even across the table Will could almost feel his lips upon him once again.

“Yes,” he said, trying to keep the excitement out of his voice, “I…I think it is, Father. Very, very well.”

He could hardly look away as Hannibal took a bite of his meat, chewing, and Will’s foolish fear of him just hours ago seemed ridiculous.

The “Beast” as everyone had called him was formidable, that much was sure, but even after just one night Will knew the truth.

Hannibal may be a ‘beast’ but it would not be hard to tame him, if Will wanted as such. But, staring at him now, he could think of nothing worse. Their courting would be the talk of everyone, even the commoners, and yet Will cared very little.

All he wanted to do was be wicked in the beast’s arms again.

Chapter 4

Will's anticipation of being alone with Hannibal again made it hard to listen to his father regale the prince with tales of his own past war time, staring at the older man's mouth so often he was sure he'd dream about Hannibal's lips tonight. He barely finished his food when Hannibal stood, and only heard the end of his father's words.

"...I trust you and Will can go alone?"

Hannibal bowed with a smile on his lips, and looked at Will after with lust he was sure his father must have been blind not to see.

"You have my word, King Henry. I will, as always, be nothing but a gentleman."

Will blushed as he stood. "I…I hope you like the tour, Prince Hannibal. The stables are…one of my favorite places to get lost in."

Hannibal came up to Will and took his hand, kissing it softly. "I certainly hope we don't get lost, Highness. But I'm glad I'll have someone to lead me on the right path again."

He tried not to swoon as he took his hand back, and looked at his father. "Father, may we be excused?"

King Henry eyed them for a moment, as if he thought to reconsider, and then a messenger came in fast.

"My King, there's been word from Joquin about the trading post."

He looked at the messenger as he waved at Will and Hannibal with his hand. "Yes, yes, go on. Be back before dark, of course, and dinner."

Will tried not to run, walking fast from the dining room, and felt Hannibal's eyes on him the whole time. He led their guest in silence, heart beating so fast it felt as if it would jump out of his chest, and waited until they were out of view behind a large bottom tree to turn.

"I could hardly think of anything but being alone with you again all morning."

Hannibal walked up and did not touch him, though he did look side to side.

"I would kiss you again now, Will, but I worry for eyes on us."

"No one can see us, I assure you," he said, taking Hannibal's hand as he walked backward, "This tree is so large it blocks almost everything."

"Not eyes from right to left," Hannibal laughed, taking his hand back, "No, we need to be more careful, sweet Will. I want to touch you again, desperately, but I will not have us married because we're caught in a compromising position."

Will frowned. "I…I understand but…why did you not just tell my father you wanted to court me or offer for my hand already? After last night, I…"

Hannibal frowned as he came closer, but still did not touch him. "Will…."

He turned away, tears stinging his eyes, and began to walk towards the stables.

"We can't get caught fighting here, Sir," he said, his voice shaking, "If you don't want to be stuck with me already."

Will's chest tightened, and he worried that perhaps he'd made a mistake. He'd spent the last few years in dread at the prospect of being married to someone he had no feeling for, and yet

he'd let some stranger who'd been dubbed, 'The Beast' nearly take his virtue after only knowing him for hours.

How could he be so foolish?

He rushed ahead faster, nearly stumbling, and when they got to the stables he grabbed hold of the post only for Hannibal to wrap arms around him from behind.

"Let me go," he said, his voice shaking, "I…I need to…just show you the stables and…"

Hannibal turned him then, still holding Will tight, and the sadness in his gaze gave Will pause.

"I apologize, sweet Will," he said, touching Will's cheek, "I…I spoke out of turn and I've hurt you."

"I barely know you, Prince," he said through gritted teeth, "How could you hurt me?"

He sighed. "Your father called you stubborn," he whispered, his touch so soft Will held back a whimper, "But I think perhaps you're just afraid to be hurt by someone you give your heart to."

"And you, Sir?" he asked, a tear falling down his cheek, "Are you not afraid? Or are you just heartless?"

Hannibal smiled. "Your words sting more than you know. I've held my heart in a vise for a very long time, and…" his smile faded, "Last night was the first time I actively followed it. Did I make a mistake, Will?"

"Perhaps we both did."

He watched tears fill Hannibal's eyes. "You do not mean that."

"I do," Will lied, biting his lip to keep a sob from escaping.

Hannibal let him go, his stone faced expression making Will's chest ache, and he looked at him coldly.

"Perhaps this stable showing should end before it's begun," he said, "I would not want to force you to remain in my presence."

Will let out a long breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding.

"My father will ask what went wrong," he said, "I…I would rather just sit here in silence than go back early and have to face his questions. If you'd rather, I can hide as far as I can so we don't have to be…together."

"Is that what *you* want, Will?"

Will looked at him, really looked, and ached to run into his arms.

"I don't know what I want, Prince Hannibal. I thought you a 'Beast' when we first met, then a 'Dream,' but now I wonder if you're both. A monster who will haunt me for all my days."

Hannibal's lip curled. "You speak as if I've torn out your heart, and all I've done is give thought to getting married. It would be rash to jump into something permanent when we just…"

Will rushed at him, so angry he nearly spit his words. "I nearly let you *take me* ," he hissed, his voice nearly a whisper, "I would have…let you…and now you act as if it was nothing but a dalliance. I know you're used to jumping beds, Prince, but I am not."

Hannibal grabbed his neck hard, their mouths inches from each other, and Will could feel breath across his mouth.

"If I said I wanted to be in no other bed but yours for the rest of my life? What then?"

Will gasped and tears fell down his cheeks. "Do not tease me, Hannibal, or lie to my face. I am not going to make the same mistake twice. I…"

He fell to his knees in the mud, ruining his perfect clothes, and Will whimpered as he took his hands in his.

"I do not lie, Will," he said, as a tear fell from his eye, "Last night was…a *revelation* . I've never wanted someone more, and I would cut my throat now if it meant you'd smile at my death. I'd gouge out my eyes if it meant I could hear you laugh again. Please, Will. Believe me."

Will could hardly breathe as he stared down at him.

"You're mad."

Hannibal smiled. "For you, yes, I am quite mad. I…I was only hesitating because I thought you'd be afraid if I told you I wanted to marry you right now. I am moments away from snatching you from your father and running off to wed us to the nearest vicar. Will…."

Will fell to his knees and threw his arms around him, pushing Hannibal back into the mud as the horses neighed around them. He was desperate to touch him, taste him, and he reached for Hannibal's clothes when suddenly someone gasped making them both look up.

One of the stableboys stared at them with wide eyes.

“I…I would pay you not to tell my father what you’re seeing now,” Will said, as the young man seemed frozen, “I…”

Hannibal sat up and turned to look at the young man, whose name escaped Will but looked as terrified as he’d ever been. He reached into his pocket and tossed out a purse of coins.

“Tell the King you saw us in each other’s arms and we need to be wed immediately,” he said, making Will gasp, “That I’ve stolen Prince Will’s virtue and…” he looked at him with a smile, “If he doesn’t hurry I’ll steal it again.”

The young man ran off, and Will laughed, hitting Hannibal’s chest with muddied hands.

“I cannot believe you! You…”

Hannibal kissed him again, making Will moan, and they fell back again lost in each other’s arms.

He knew this wasn’t a mistake.

It could not be.

Not if being in his prince’s arms felt so very, very right.

Chapter 5

The King didn't hesitate to come with men when he met them halfway to the castle, the anger in his face obvious even before he spoke.

"HOW DARE YOU!" he yelled, his horse neighing as he pulled its reins to stop, "I LET YOU INTO MY HOME!"

Will clutched Hannibal, worried. "Father…."

Hannibal took Will's hand in his and squeezed. "You wanted this, King Henry, you said so yourself as we broke fast together. Am I wrong?"

"Well I….I wanted you to formally ask for Will's hand, not…not….steal his virtue under my roof and…dirty him like he's a common…."

Will felt Hannibal tense as he let go of him, and stomped forward glaring up at his father.

"Do *not* speak of my intended that way, Henry, or I will…."

"You will *what,* Beast? Attack a King so above you in station? Your parents would…."

Hannibal growled. "My parents know I make my own choices and would support me in supporting the man I love. The fact that you cannot even support your own offspring would make them *ill* with anger."

King Henry's eyes widened as Will gasped.

“Love?”

Hannibal turned to Will and walked up to touch his cheeks. “Did you think my speech before meant I only tolerated you, Will? My words were not made in haste, or lightly, they….I cannot think any other word for what I feel. Can you?”

Tears filled his eyes as he shook his head.

“No, Sir, I….I cannot.”

He smiled at him. “So then….”

Will smiled. “I love you, Prince Hannibal,” he said, “And I….more than only tolerate you as well.”

Hannibal laughed. “I am glad to hear it, you…you’ll be spending much more than a *dalliance* with me soon so you’d best love me or you’ll be stuck forever with someone you barely tolerate.”

Will grinned. “Then I suppose it best that….”

The horse neighed, breaking them out of their reverie, and Will’s smile faded as he looked at his father and the guards who’d come with him.

Everyone looked at them oddly.

“Father?”

Henry’s anger seemed replaced by complete and utter shock.

“Love?”

Will and Hannibal both turned again.

“Yes, Father,” Will said, “We….I know it’s very soon, and it might seem….spontaneous.”

“Will, you met this man *last night* . You…you cannot love him.”

“Father, you were ready to marry me to him just hours ago.”

“Yes, but not because you were in love with him! Our kingdoms….”

“What is the problem then?” Will growled, “He….” he blinked back tears, “Father look at his ruined clothes, look at….look at how he *fights* for me. This is what I wanted, Father. I…I care little for our years difference or…or anything else. *This is what I wanted* . Someone who…who would let me be myself and…and love me still. Someone I can laugh with and feel safe around enough to…to….” he looked at Hannibal, “To smile openly and be happy. Always be happy.”

“Will….” Hannibal said, touching his cheek.

His father sighed. “Will, I….it will be known that you were ruined. The help is already….”

“I care little,” Will said, not looking at him, “Not if….if I’m his.”

Hannibal smiled. “Will….”

He smiled as he leaned in, and his father coughed making them both turn.

King Henry sighed.

“I’ve already called the vicar,” he said, looking upset still, “I…I had thought it best even if I were about to start a war killing the Lecter heir for stealing my son’s virtue. He could’ve seen after the funeral.”

“Father?”

The King looked at Hannibal. “You *really* love him? Truly?”

Hannibal looked at Will. “From the moment I laid eyes on him I knew I would not leave here until I made him mine, even if it took weeks or even years. I….I may not have loved him then, not at that moment but as the hours progressed I….I know now I would do just about anything to make him happy and I….I would kill anyone you tried to betrothe him to. I….I love him, with everything I am, and to know he loves me too is….”

Will could hardly see through his tears. “I do love you, my Prince I….you were the best birthday gift I’ve ever….”

He kissed him then, caring little for his father’s upset, and Hannibal pulled him closer with a growl. Will felt warmth fill him, his cock already at ache, and when he pulled back he was lightheaded but eager to be alone again.

“That’s…that’s enough of that,” his father mumbled, “I….I may have to separate you both for propriety’s sake. I thank all that Will cannot be with child or he would be already.”

Will laughed, pressing his forehead to Hannibal’s. “I would not mind.”

“Will….”

“Prince Hannibal,” his father said, “I hate to tell you to step away but…I’d like time with my son before I let you steal him forever and…the vicar may not even be here by nightfall.”

Hannibal frowned, stepping back, and Will ached to be parted already.

“Yes, I…I suppose that’s…sensible,” he said, “I should change before…the wedding.”

“Please.”

Hannibal looked at Will. “I await our next moments together with bated breath, Prince Will,” he said, bowing as he looked up through his lashes, “And am more than eager to make you mine forever.”

Will’s stomach fluttered as he smiled. “As am I.”

He ached to kiss him again, blushing, and when Hannibal nodded once more turning to go he bit his lip to beg him not to leave.

“Will.”

Will turned with reluctance and looked at his father while the guards left, watching as the King got off his horse to come close.

“Father.”

He put his hand on Will’s shoulder. “I’ve never seen you look so happy.”

Will smiled through his sudden tears. “I’ve never felt this way,” he said, “Not…not ever. Father he *sees* me and I *see* him. I…I thank everything that you invited everyone here or… we might never have had this.”

King Henry’s eyes filled with tears before he pulled Will in for a hug, and Will closed his eyes as tears fell down his cheeks.

“You’re welcome, Son,” he said, sighing, “I…I would say I feel thankful that I was successful but I feel sudden sadness.”

“Father….”

“Were you so…free with yourself?” His father asked, “I know that…while the stableboy said the Prince ‘stole your virtue’ now there had to be more.”

Will stepped back. “I….I cannot lie, Father, but please don’t…make me say more.”

“Will….”

He looked up. “I would do it all again the same way, Father. All of it. Every last minute.”

King Henry sighed again.

“I’m sure you would. Now, I think perhaps…it’s time to remedy your freeness with a surprise for the Kingdom.”

Will smiled. “I’m ready, Father.”

King Henry touched his cheek.

“I know, Will. I know.”

They walked back together, his father holding the horse’s reins, and Will felt excitement bubble up inside him the closer he got to the castle. The vicar may not be to them yet, but this was truly going to happen.

He was going to marry the man who’d bewitched him so quickly, and made him feel so happy to be so wickedly wanton.

And he could hardly wait to be his.

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